



Desolation by **JoeKerr123**

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Summary: Third installment to Monophobia Series: Sasha and Roman have been through enough hell to last them the rest of their immortal lives. Unfortunately for the child hating clown, he's been handed the responsibility of being a parent while dealing with old enemies that just can't seem to stay dead. Can he handle these dreaded hurdles? Or will he resort back to his old ways? V/S content

1. Nightmare

Hey everyone! Here's a little gift from me to you for the holidays! Consider it a taste of whats to come, also I've made a Tumblr page about this series, they're edited versions of people's beautiful artwork and they work for my stories, so go and check them out. I have to thank user Sacrecrow for convincing me to make one! I hope you guys enjoy the story and the Tumblr! Happy Holidays!

Tumblr: joekerr1233

It was dark.

Roman opened his eyes and sat up in the bed. He glanced around the room. Sasha was gone.

"Sasha?" he called out.

But there was no answer. In fact, there was nothing at all. The entire house was silent. He walked down the hall of the Neibolt house.

"Sasha." He called out more sternly

But once again, there was no sign of Sasha anywhere. His steps began to quicken through the house. He stopped right outside the library, a place she spent most of her time. His eyes widened when he realized the room was trashed. Roman rushed inside, scanning the entire room. The books, the furniture...ripped to pieces. All of the literature she loved, destroyed.

Roman narrowed his eyes, this was his illusion, his sanctuary he made for Sasha. Who or what could have made this mess?

Suddenly Roman jolted his head back at the sound of an infant child screaming a floor above. His face slowly started turning a sickly pale color, his red grin drawing itself across his face. The clown's ember eyes illuminated in the darkness.

Pennywise walked over to the cracked open door in a separate room at the end of the corridor. The crying didn't stop, it echoed throughout the house. The floorboards creaking after every step he took.

The clown stopped at the door before lifting his arm and cautiously pressing it open. His eyes looked around the room until they fell on a dark figure standing in the corner. He took a step closer and paused. The moonlit window in between the two.

He narrowed his eyes, staring at the intruder. The figure's neck snapped to the side, he could hear chuckling. They were standing in front of a small bloody bassinet. The figure sluggishly turned its head to reveal bright green glowing eyes glowering at Pennywise.

The door slammed shut, but the clown didn't jump, he only watched the figure slowly stepped out of the shadows. Pennywise barred his teeth at the sight of the demon standing before him, smirking.

Aiden's face was even paler than before, there were specks of black ash scattered across his body and face. The large bloody red gash across his neck stood out in the moonlight.

Aiden winked, "You know, if you're planning on raising your kid here. You might wanna think about redecorating," he glanced around the run-down room.

Pennywise clenched his gloved fists, "Where is she?"

Aiden scoffed, "How the hell should I know? You're the one playing house with her," he reached into his pocket and took out a packet of cigarettes.

The clown continued to stare at him. But Aiden continued to light the cigarette and take a long drag, smoke seeping out of the lesion on his throat as well as his mouth.

He blew out the rest of the smoke and smirked, "Although I've gotta say, it is pretty cozy in here," he dropped his hand and laughed, there was dark ash falling out of his silver hair. Pennywise took a step closer, while Aiden backed away.

The demon raised his hands defensively, "Calm down big guy, I really didn't take her," he lowered his hands and crossed his arms, leaning against the wall, "But you might wanna watch out for that kid of yours."

The clown gave a look of confusion, which pleased Aiden. He took one last puff and tossed the blunt to the ground, stepping on it and putting it out.

The demon's eyes looked passed Pennywise. The clown lowered his head and turned slowly until he spotted a young boy with deep brown hair and bright green eyes staring up at him. A blank expression on his face. There was blood all over his mouth, dripping down his clothes onto to the dusty floor.

"Huh, well what do you know?" Aiden stated, "He has her eyes."

Pennywise furrowed his brows and looked down at the boy, there was a blood trail behind him. Leading out into the hallway. Pennywise turned his head back to see Aiden was gone.

"I'm hungry daddy," the boy spoke

The clown stepped back, he twisted his face in disapproval at the sound of the boy calling him dad. Then it hit him, Pennywise quirked his head....*Where did the blood come from?*

He rushed passed the boy and followed the trail down to the basement of the house. He immediately stopped when he saw her.

Sasha lied motionless on the ground, just before the bloody well that led into the sewers below. Her eyes were open and lifeless. She was covered in blood, her wrists, throat and just about every part of her body was gashed up. Pennywise stared at her with wide eyes, the color of his orbs changing back to a blue hue. He took gradual steps to her body and knelt down, picking her up in his arms.

He grazed a shaky gloved hand across her face to wipe her hair off, he held his breath in shock. He couldn't speak, Sasha had no pulse, no glow, no anything. She was dead. He dropped his head and held her body close to his.

The clown could hear Aiden's snickering from behind, "Oh my," he started, leaning over his shoulder, "what a mess."

Sasha started turning to ash in his arms, the clown's head frantically scanned her body, he grasped onto her until she was complete ash. Black dust flying down into the well.

"Is it too soon to talk about custody?" he mocked

Pennywise growled and snapped his hand back to clutch onto Aiden's throat. The demon gagged but smiled down at him.

"Your problems haven't even started lover boy," he threatened

The clown squeezed his throat, blood started seeping out even faster. Aiden grunted.

"Daddy?"

Pennywise turned to see the young boy standing in front of the well. There were shadowy figures appearing from the darkness. Their eyes were glowing green as they hissed at him.

He licked his lips and stepped closer, his voice dropping down several octaves, "Aren't you going to feed me daddy?"

"Kids. Am I right?" Aiden joked

Pennywise barred his teeth and looked up to Aiden, the demon's body fading into dust as it had before. The last thing he did was wink at the clown and whisper, "Dasvidaniya Pennywise."

The clown frowned and looked back to the boy, who continued to walk towards him. He smiled innocently. With a quick wave of his hand the demons surrounding the room bolted from the shadows for Pennywise. Each one grabbing at him and dragging him down, closer to the well. The clown couldn't understand why they were overpowering him, he clawed at the dirt, trying to free himself. But nothing worked.

"Amidst the mist of the coldest frosts," the boy started

He reached up for the bloody stones and held onto them tightly. The boy walked over to him, he peered down at the clown. Pennywise stared at him in confusion, this child was not afraid.

"He thrusts his fists against the posts."

He lifted his tiny foot and stepped on his father's hand. More demons walking out of the darkness, standing behind the boy.

"And still insists he sees the ghosts," he twisted his foot, Pennywise' grip loosening. The boy leaned down and whispered, "I love you daddy."

Finally, Pennywise couldn't hold on any longer, he was dragged down into the well.

"No!" he growled

He could hear the laughing of children as he descended. He stared at the boy until darkness took over.

Roman shot up from the bed in a cold sweat. He panted as he looked around the room to see everything back to normal.

Nothing was decrepit, nothing was destroyed.

"Roman?"

He turned his head to see Sasha looking up at him with worried eyes. She sat up and grabbed his hand, giving a reassuring squeeze.

"Sasha?" he whispered in disbelief

She softened her eyes and gave a warm smile, rubbing his back with the other hand. She leaned over and kissed his cheek, pulling him back down and holding him close.

Her chin atop of his head, she ran her fingers through his brown hair, "It's okay," she whispered, "It was just a dream."

2. Step One

Hey everyone! Okay so I've debated about actually coming back to this series since I normally like to finish one story before I work on another. But with the much appreciated inspiration I get from my friend Sacrecrow, I've decided to do just that! I was thinking about whether or not to keep this a short story, but depending on how it goes, that's still up in the air. Let me know how you guys like it! I just couldn't seem to stay away from these two. Since I post so much of material on my tumblr page (you should check it out by the by;)

Anyways enjoy!

The day was sunny, the windows open with a light breeze coming through the entire house. The smell of orange blossoms filling the area. It was both beautiful and relaxing. Something that was long overdue and well deserved.

Sasha walked along the long wall of shelved books and scanned each one, her hand subconsciously placed on her now larger stomach. Her green eyes landed on one book in particular. Unfortunately, it was a bit higher than she'd expected. Letting out a huff, she placed a hand on her hip, glancing over to see a small stepping stool to the far right of the bookcase. She smirked and walked over, grabbing it and positioning it just beneath where the book was placed.

Taking one step on the chair, Sasha grabbed the wooden shelf in order to heave herself along with the extra weight up. Stretching her arm higher, her finger brushed over the spine of the book until finally grabbing it and pulling it out.

"Gotcha," Sasha whispered, taking the book and attempting to step down from the stool

As she glanced down she noticed Roman standing directly aside of her with an intense gaze. Sasha gasped and jumped, tripping back and falling from where she stood. Roman quickly caught her before hitting the ground.

Her hands clasped onto his shirt while her eyes remained squeezed shut, expecting to feel the impact of the floor underneath them. That was before she could feel firm arms holding her tightly. Slowly opening her eyes, Sasha's gaze flickered up to see Roman holding her, his own blue orbs staring into her emerald ones.

She let out a soft sigh and she gently dropped her head on his shoulder, "Ugh, you scared me."

Roman stood up as he lightly placed Sasha's bare feet on the floor, making sure she had her footing. "Why aren't you resting?"

"I'm not tired. Besides I needed to stretch my legs."

His eyes wandered down to the book in her hands, "What's that?"

Sasha looked down at it and showed him, it was a book about pregnancy. She smiled, "I need to know what it is I'm getting myself into."

He frowned, "Why?"

She scoffed and pointed to her stomach, "I think it's pretty self-explanatory."

Roman's face didn't falter, "It's not a human child Sasha. That book isn't going to help."

She sighed, "Yes. But for someone who's never dealt with or had one. I can at least learn the basics."

Roman remained silent.

Sasha frowned, "Can't you at least accept the fact that your going to be a father already? Avoiding it isn't going to do any good."

Roman's eyes fell to her stomach, "That thing is only going to be a nuisance."

She rolled her eyes, "I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't talk about our son as if he's some sort of animal?"

Roman crossed his arms, "Well technically speaking. That's what it is." He made a face, "And how do you know it's a boy?"

She shrugged, "I can just feel it."

He gave a disapproving look at her stomach before walking passed her and heading for the hallway guiding up to the stairs. That's when Bruce trotted in the room and sat just before the entrance with his tongue out, lazily scratching the back of his ear and yawning.

Sasha turned around and took a step forward, "Where are you going?"

"Away."

She grunted in annoyance, "You're such a grump." Pointing to herself, "I should be the one with the mood swings here. Not you."

He looked back at her, "I'm the grump, am I?"

She stood there glancing to the side before crossing her arms and lifting her chin, "That's right."

"I'm not the one who threw a knife at me the other day."

"That was an accident."

He turned around to face her with a mischievous smirk on his lips, "Right. Well I suppose this grump doesn't have to walk you up and down the stairs anymore does he?"

Sasha frowned, "Now that's just not fair Roman. You know I can't right now."

Roman kept the smug look on his face as he gave a wink, "Then I suggest you figure it out," he replied exiting the room.

Sasha narrowed her eyes and scurried out of the room to catch up with him before turning the corner where the stairs led up to. Only to see Roman was nowhere to be found. She let out a breath as she stood there staring up at the seemingly endless stairway, still clutching the book in her hand.

"Shit." She muttered to herself. Nowadays she didn't have the energy to teleport or even move as fast as she did before. It was as if they were almost human in this place. Groaning she placed a tattooed hand on the stump of the railing. Once again heaving herself up onto the first step. Although her stomach wasn't that much bigger as she herself was in fact quite small, it was still a lot of work to walk around with another being forming inside of you.

Again, she pulled herself to get up the first few steps before wearing herself out. Bruce walked over on the side of the stairs and peered up to see Sasha attempting to make it to the second floor.

"What are you looking at?"

Bruce grunted as he sat there, panting while Sasha struggled up the stairway. Her eyes glanced back up to see she still had quite a way to go before feeling two hands grab her and lift her up off the surface. Roman rolled his eyes as walked up the stairs with Sasha in his arms, "I told you that thing was a nuisance."

While he may have been annoying her at the moment, she couldn't help but let a smile spread across her lips. Seeing Roman carry, her and help her in situations when she couldn't, made her black heart nearly skip a beat each time. "I thought you were going away?"

He didn't look at her, "How can I when your just as hopeless as the day I met you?"

She quirked her head, "Aw. How cute, you do care."

He grunted in aggravation as he reached the top of the stairway, "You've gained weight."

"I happen to be pregnant. Thanks to you," she spat

Her anger made Roman smirk a bit as he walked toward their room. She looked over to the small room she decided to turn into a nursery, "Wait! I wanted to fix up his room some more."

"Why are you trying to rush this?" he said in aggravation

She looked at him as she pouted, "Can I at least just put this in

there?" She asked, brining the book up, "I know how much you hate seeing this in our room. So I'll just leave it in there for now."

He stood there with her in his arms, contemplating her words until reluctantly sighing in defeat and placing her down on the ground. She smiled and turned to open the door of the nursery. It was a smaller room with white and blue striped walls. A White wooden rocking chair with a matching cabinet next to it inside. Roman crossed his arms as he leaned against the door frame, watching Sasha place the book on the cabinet and glancing over at a tiny white wooden basinet at the other end of the room.

She put a hand on her stomach as she stepped closer to it, "Did you ever think you'd be doing this at any time in your however many years you've been alive?" she smirked

With one quick reply and a deadpan face he answered, "No."

She rolled her eyes with an amused look before leaning over, the look of discomfort now covering her face. She grabbed the edge of the bassinet and steadied herself. Roman furrowed his brows and quickly rushed over, "Sasha? What's wrong?"

She held her stomach as she shook her head, "Nothing," she took a long breath, "Baby's just kicking is all."

He had both hands atop of her shoulders while she looked up at him and gave a reassuring smile, "It's okay. Nothing's wrong."

His eyes flickered back to the bassinet, *'Your problems haven't even started lover boy.'*

Suddenly Roman saw flashes and visions of Sasha all bloody and cut up. He abruptly released her and backed away. Making Sasha stare at him in confusion, "Roman?"

The man shook his head slowly, Sasha reached over for him before he avoided her and turned to hastily walk out of the room.

"Hey!" She shouted from inside the nursery

Roman didn't stop though as he marched down the hallway. Away

from that damned room. He then felt Sasha's small hand grab his arm and stop him in his tracks. His eyes snapped back at her frustrated ones. They both stared at one another for a few moments in silence. She knew his feelings about children and emotions in general. But ever since that night he woke up in a cold sweat, he had been acting even more anxious than before.

She took a breath, "I know this isn't how you imagined things...And I really am sorry you have to go through this. If I could take it away from you Roman I would. But I can't." Her eyes fell to the ground while her hand softly slipped away from him.

Roman stared at her, seeing her hurt like that irritated him. He sighed and shook his head, taking his hand and cupping her chin so that she'd look at him, "No Sasha. That's not it at all."

She watched him, hoping to hear some sort of confession that he was genuinely happy about their situation, but it never came.

He stammered a bit with his words, "It's just. What if this baby is a mistake?" He saw the glimmer disappear from her eyes with one simple question. He closed his eyes and chastised himself for saying something like that. Women were creatures that held such emotion. He should have known better. She moved her chin away from his touch.

"No Sasha. That's not what I meant," he corrected, "I mean what if it hurts you?"

She furrowed her brows, "hurts me?"

He stood up as he stared at her, "Like I said. That thing—

"*Baby.*"

He rolled his eyes, "*Baby.* It isn't human. Who knows what kind of effect it could have on you? What if it's too much?"

Her eyes once again fell to the ground with her hand on her stomach, "I think it's a bit too late for that Roman."

He closed his mouth and clenched his fists, "What if it takes you away

from me?" he finally whispered softly

Sasha almost didn't catch it as she looked up at him, blinking, she smiled and stepped forward. Wrapping her arms around his midsection, "I'm not going anywhere."

His eyes shifted to hers, eventually resting his arms around her small frame.

"We've been through a lot already. Do you have such little faith in me that I can't even handle childbirth?"

"Yes."

She squinted at him, "Well I can. And I will."

He remained silent. Sasha let him go after turning him in the direction of their room. He quirked a brow as he watched her enter their bedroom.

"Where are you going?" he asked

"To rest. Your bitching made me tired." She replied with her back to him

Roman made a face until she turned to look at him with a hand on the door frame and a mischievous smirk on her lips, peeking from over her shoulder, "Your more than welcome to come join me."

His stoic features slowly started to ease as Sasha winked and left the door open for him. Without hesitation, Roman picked up his pace and darted toward the room.

Leave a review! :D

3. Domestic

So sorry for the wait! I know it's unforgivable! But school has been stressin me out! I wanna thank everyone who has not only been participating with this story on here but also my tumblr! There I post updates and even art and collages I do (with hints of the story in them too) so be sure to check that out! It's joekerr1233 :) Thanks!

alunix: Thanks again so much for reading my story! I really appreciate this and holy cow you read it all in one night! Props! I hope I can keep up with you!

Sacrecrow: Oh yes. Roman and his damn childish attitude. How is he gonna handle another kid around that he can't eat this time? I wonder... ;)

Please go ahead and leave a follow/fav and review for more of this story and check out my other fics on here too! Thank you! 3

Sasha laid across Roman's bare chest, his breathing relaxed and steady. He always calmed her in ways no one else ever could. It was ironic too, seeing as he was something that should have made her cower in fear. Her fingers mindlessly traced along his soft skin, which was still cold. But she had gotten used to it by now. Her own warmth that contrasted with his cold skin felt nice. Especially after enough of Roman warming her up for the past hour in their bed. His right arm wrapped protectively around her, he rested his eyes while he felt her heartbeat through her back.

"How is it?" She heard him ask softly

She smirked, knowing exactly what he meant. Turning her head up, she looked at him, "He's fine."

Roman's hand trailed up from the small of her back as he tangled his long fingers in her silver hair, "You're a pest."

She rolled her eyes, "Well you must really like pests then, since you

want me around all the time."

Roman frowned and looked at her. He set himself up for that one. "Or is it you that wants me around and I just have to comply with your aggravating requests all the time?"

She chuckled and scooted her body up so her face was just above his. Roman may tend to throw out insults and jabs here and there, but she knew exactly why he wanted her around even if he didn't admit to it. She didn't think he ever would to be honest. But after all, words are just words. And actions always spoke louder.

Her hand reached up for his cheek while her thumb caressed his sharp cheekbone, "So does this mean I should have my own room then? You obviously need it."

His smile mirrored hers, "Until that thing is born and you can lay on top of me without that extra weight between us, that doesn't sound like such a bad idea."

Sasha pouted, "Fine." She sat up and attempted to climb off the bed until she realized his hand was firmly clasped around her wrist. She glanced back at him, "I'm sorry, do you mind?"

Roman's smug look remained on his face, "No." He sharply pulled her back, and even with the added baby weight, it was no problem for Roman to simply pull her back over him as if she were light as a feather. And with an instant, she was pinned to the bed right under him, her hands above her head.

He was silent and only decided to stare at her. These were the moments Sasha could tell he wasn't human even with his disguise. He stared at her with such curiosity and uncertainty that his animalistic tendencies practically emanated off his body no matter how much he tried hiding it.

She watched him inquisitively, "Roman?"

He said nothing, but she knew he was listening.

"What are you afraid of?" she asked

Roman blinked, *what was he afraid of?* He laughed, "I relish fear Sasha. I'm not afraid of anything."

"That's not what your sleeping tells me."

He smirked, "You watch me when I sleep?"

She rolled her eyes, "You seem afraid when you do. Like you have nightmares."

Suddenly Roman's smile faded, "I don't have nightmares."

"Are they about Aiden?"

Roman clenched his jaw and got off her, turning his body and sitting at the end of the bed. Avoiding her question. Sasha furrowed her brows as she sat up, watching his bare muscles tense from behind him. But as much as she wanted to reach out and touch him, she decided it was best to avoid any contact when he was like this.

"Its okay to be afraid Roman." She said softly

He didn't like that. Growling, he stood up and glared at her, "If you honestly think I'm afraid of that incestual mouth breather, you clearly don't know who I am."

She didn't move. Instead she sat there calmly as he had a fit, "Then what's bothering you?"

"Nothing!" he barked, turning and exiting the room.

Sasha grimaced and jumped off the bed to follow him, "I'm only trying to help. As dumb as you think it may be, talking about it can help."

He stopped just before the nursery and looked down at Sasha, "Fine. You want to know what's bothering me?"

She crossed her arms, "I believe that's why I asked."

He gritted his teeth, for some reason Sasha could see the red grin slowly start to appear on his pale face. The faded crimson tracing

itself across his lips while his eyes began glowing a sharp tint of yellow. He lifted his hand and pointed to her stomach, "That! That thing is what's bothering me Sasha."

She made a face and placed a hand on her bump, "Your afraid of a baby?"

Snarling he shook his head, "No!"

"No what?"

"Nothing!"

"Then what is it?!"

Sasha didn't notice his hand sharply reach up to grip her arm so tight it was already making marks on her tan skin. "Just. Drop. It." He hissed, his face only centimeters away from hers.

Sasha closed her mouth, her eyes shining brighter. Her emotions going crazy, and before Roman could react she was out of his grasp and behind the door to the nursery. Roman tried to catch the door before it slammed right in his face.

He roared and crashed his fists on the surface. Just on the other side was Sasha sat crouched down as she leaned against the door. Her arm burned and when she glanced at it, she noticed some blood dripping from where Roman's nails had been.

She let out an aggravated sigh, his temper was definitely something you had to get used to.

After a few more bangs, Roman stopped and glared at the door as he heaved loud angered breathes. His attention was brought over to his right when he noticed Bruce sitting just a few feet away. He made a face of distaste until eventually sighing himself. He knelt down on the ground, feeling Sasha just on the other side, "Sasha. Open the door."

"Why, so you can hurt me again for just trying to help?" Her words stung

His eyes went back to Bruce, who, without being able to say a word

watched him with such arbitrating red eyes, he didn't need to. His lip twitched, but he took a long breath, "No. I'm not going to hurt you. Open the door."

There was silence. And the more time that passed the less patience he had.

"You know I can get in there without a door." He spoke

"Yeah because you have no respect for personal space."

He rolled his eyes, "Sasha just please open the door."

After a few more moments that Roman swore felt like that times ten, did she finally open the door. Her eyes were back to normal as his face was too. She walked to the other end of the nursery, avoiding his eyes. He slowly walked in and stared at her. The two didn't speak and he knew he had to be the first since he could feel her frustration.

"I'm sorry."

"You're always sorry."

He frowned, something like him shouldn't even be apologizing for anything?! But he bottled up his growing irritation and stepped closer, now seeing her arm was bleeding. Mentally slapping himself, he cupped her chin, making her look at him.

"I'm not afraid of Aiden. I never was. Neither him nor anyone else."

She furrowed her brows, "So what's making you so paranoid?"

Roman's eyes flickered off to the side, "I can't lose you." It was so silent that his words were practically a whisper.

Sasha blinked, "That's what you're afraid of?" She reached up to clasp both hands on his face, "You're not going to lose me."

His eyes were almost empty as he watched her. Not believing a word she said. But eventually sighing and nodding his head, "I know."

She gave him a reassuring smile and pulled him in for a kiss. Their

tongues danced with the other until Roman could once again smell that familiar copper smell. His eyes darted to her arm and he moved his lips from hers down her neck and finally her arm, licking the blood off.

He loved the taste of blood, it always tingled on his taste buds. Sasha then felt his sharp row of teeth slowly bite into her skin. She gave a soft whimper and tightened up, feeling the pain and warmth of her blood drip down her arm.

After Roman knew he'd have to stop did he go back and kissing her again, this time she was tasting her own blood in his mouth. He held her tightly and pulled her over to the rocking chair in the corner. He placed her on top of his lap as she straddled him. Roman stared at her as he scratched at his own neck, making blood flow through his ivory skin.

Sasha's lip twitched as it normally did when she was hungry. The smell was so intoxicating that she couldn't keep herself from shooting for his neck and sucking on his now gaping wound. Roman barley shut his eyes as he took a fist full of hair and began moving her hips against his own.

"Tell me." Roman started

"Tell you what?" Sasha muttered, still sucking on his neck

He tightened his hold on her, "Tell me you can't live without me. That I'm the only one you ever need."

With this Sasha stopped and sat up, looking directly at him. Her mouth now covered in blood. She paused and wondered if she heard him correctly, "I can't live without you Roman. I do need you." She replied honestly.

Roman let out a breath and pulled her back in to invade her mouth. Sasha complied, feeling his blood now inside of her made her mind run wild with ecstasy. Her lips shot back to his neck and Roman held her tightly, once again moving her hips with his hand. He loved to hear Sasha moan, he rested his head back on the seat, his eyes wandering around the room.

Then stopping at the small baby crib that almost seemed to mock him. He closed his mouth and clutched onto her body tighter, closing his eyes and ignoring it for now.

Comment! :D

4. Cold Labor

I just wanna say a HUGE thank you to everyone who has really been getting involved with this story. Honestly, I didn't think it would have become this loved by you all and it really makes me so happy and inspired to keep writing out this world I've created for you3 I do apologize for the wait, but school and work have just been a pain in the ass honestly. I'm back! And I hope you all enjoy! I did also want to say thank you to those who have been kind enough to leave comments and reviews. I get all excited when I see another one for my stories:)

Hal: I know you commented on the sequel, but I couldn't pm you for some reason! Thank you so much for that wonderful review! Oh my goodness the best you have read to date? You have no idea how happy that made me I seriously do not have words to thank you enough. Thank you! 3

Guest: I'm glad you love this series! And yes! Everything is slowly starting to come together, I've just had a bunch of papers and projects due but I'm getting back in the groove of wanting to update each story or at least one every week. So I'm trying not to keep you all waiting too long since I know how it feels and it sucks! I hope you enjoy this chapter and thank you again!

NinMetro: You have left a review on every story and I was so happy! Thank you so very much! I know I've already pmed you but! I'm happy the chemistry works with Sasha and Roman;) You can't have a relationship with an evil alien creature and not expect plenty of ups and downs! Just more angst and drama along with a bit of fluff and you get Sasha and Roman's relationship XD

Sacrecrow: Your not a horrible reader oh my goodness haha I know you'll comment when you can so don't worry! I always look forward to them too:) As for Roman calling the baby 'it', it honestly didn't even click with me until you said something --haha woowww I'm so dumb. But it works! XD ...omg that vending machine joke lmao poor Damian hahahaha Thanks again man! Love it as usual:)

A couple of weeks had passed since Roman had openly spoken about his disapproval of the baby. And while his hesitation didn't seem to waver in the slightest, especially when his dreams would get worse, he remained quiet for Sasha's sake. He knew she would just get even more upset and whenever she did, it always seemed as though that 'thing' in her stomach reacted the same way. Making it more painful for her. Roman sat in his office, clenching his fists as he looked out the window, facing the backyard. There he sat in deep thought about many different things. Mainly about Sasha. Even Bruce seemed to treat it with as much care as possible. Even going as far as to snap at Roman if his hand veered close to her stomach. Lowering his head, he let out an angered breath.

He just didn't understand.

How could they be so calm about this? She knew damn well that whatever it was inside of her stomach, was dangerous. A mixture between him and Sasha. Who happened to be a demon. Between the both of them Roman honestly had no idea what he was in store for. That thing grew faster than a normal human child would.

And for the first time in his long life. He was worried.

He hadn't planned on getting Sasha pregnant from the start. That was never his intention. He didn't even think it possible. His hand reached up for the bridge of his nose as he rested his head in his palm.

"Ironic isn't it?"

Roman's head snapped up at the sound of that voice. His eyes scanning the room until seeing Aiden in the reflection of the window ahead. He frowned and sat up turning to look behind him. But Aiden wasn't there. His eyes returned to the window, seeing the silver haired demon smirking at him as he leaned against the doorframe behind Roman from the reflection.

"No. This isn't a dream. Your wide awake... So to speak anyway."

Roman glared at the young man with spiteful eyes. Making that arrogant smug look on the demon's face even more apparent. He

positioned himself as if in an attacking pose from his seated position on the leather chair in his office.

Aiden rolled his eyes, finally appearing just behind Roman. Whispering in his ear, "When are you gonna give up this macho persona hm? Can't we have just a little fun together?"

In a blink of an eye Roman had Aiden pinned by his bloody throat. Aiden gagged but forced a mocking smirk, "I guess not."

Roman barred his teeth, his face slowly turning pale white as he held onto the demon of fear.

Aiden chuckled, "So tell me daddy..."

Roman remained silent.

"What's the game plan with this kid hm? Cuz' I don't exactly see you as the soccer dad she wants you to be."

Roman squeezed harder, making Aiden tense up.

"I wouldn't do that Roman darling."

"I could get rid of you right here. Right now." Roman hissed

Aiden chuckled, "You think so do you?"

Roman stayed quiet. His dangerous eyes piercing Aiden's.

Aiden winked, "Well I'm gonna let you in on a little secret."

Pennywise barred his teeth, emitting a low growl as he watched the silver haired man with frustration.

"I'm already dead." Aiden smirked

The clown now lifted the demon from the floor and pinned him against the wall, choking the young man while he gripped onto the gloved hand clasped around his open neck. Pennywise chuckled, "I can still grab you. Hurt you. Don't think I can't sense your fear either. If I can feel that, I can get rid of you too." A bit of drool now falling

from the clown's mouth.

Aiden glowered at Pennywise, "Go ahead and try..."

The clown allowed a sinister bucktoothed smile to appear on his face.

"But what about Sasha?"

The sudden mention of Sasha made the clown pause and wipe the amusement clean off his face. Aiden scoffed, "She really has you wrapped around her finger, doesn't she?"

That was it. Pennywise had enough and opened his mouth wider, barring his many rows of sharp teeth. Aiden's eyes widened but he quickly lifted his hand. The clown glanced at his hand to see his two fingers quickly snap.

THUD!

Pennywise's eyes shot up to the ceiling, almost in confusion as his gaze shifted back to Aiden. The demon's face remained sour, "I'll ask you one more time."

Those ember eyes soon turned to suspicious slits, still holding Aiden above his head.

"It's me or her."

Pennywise's eyes widened when the realization suddenly hit him. Immediately dropping the demon to the floor, Aiden rubbed his neck and glanced up to the clown. Seeing him give the young man a deathly glare before disappearing from the room in a blink of an eye out the door.

Aiden's lip twitched as he rested his silver head back on the wall and sighed, looking up to the ceiling and grinning maliciously as he soon faded into black ash.

Pennywise rushed up the stairs, "Sasha?" He said out loud with worry clear in his voice.

There was no response.

His eyes scanned the hallway and noticed a door open at the end of the hallway. Quickly reaching it he looked in, "Sasha." He demanded, now getting irritated that he hadn't heard a response by now. But once he reached the entrance, the room was empty.

Growling he turned his head to see Bruce standing at the other end of the hall, giving off one strong bark. Pennywise tilted his head but soon followed the Doberman, dashing for the one room he hadn't entered since that day.

The nursery.

He could feel his heartbeat pick up for some reason, noticing the door was jammed shut. Bruce winced and sniffed under the door, scratching at the bottom trying to get inside. The clown lifted a hand to the wooden door before lowering his head. And with one swift kick, he busted the door open.

Frantically looking around the room, he finally spotted Sasha on the floor near the window behind the end of the baby crib. A book tossed on the ground next to her as if she were reading before falling. Her hair was over her face and she was panting heavily. Pennywise quickly hurried toward her with Bruce behind. His large gloved hand gently grazed her face, tucking the hair behind her ear.

Her face was twisted in both fear and agony as she held her stomach. She wore a very small nightgown that showed most of her legs. But he knew she wasn't shaking due to the cold. A few tears fell from her green eyes and she finally looked up at him. His eyes never leaving her.

"Roman...." She whispered shakily, "Somethings wrong..."

Pennywise furrowed his brows as he glanced down to her thighs, eventually lifting his hand and dragging it just beneath the lace to look between her legs.

Blood.

Amid her thighs and now seeping on the ground. She was letting out

so much blood. His body went stiff as he turned back to her face. She was sweating and shaking even more. Bruce winced as he stood closer to his master.

Pennywise swiftly placed both arms underneath her small body and lifted her up, turning and exiting the room. Her head drooped against his collarbone as he headed for their room. Her eyes were nearly shut as she vaguely watched while he walked through the door and placed her on the bed. Her hands gripped the sheets once she felt another sharp pain.

Desperate noises came out of her mouth as she breathed harder. Bruce jumped up on the bed and sniffed her face for a moment before looking up at him. Pennywise remained at her side near the bed, meeting the red eyes of the canine. Bruce's eyes then flickered behind the clown, letting out a low growl.

Pennywise stared at the Doberman until hearing a voice speak in his ear.

"Times up. Better make a move or else she's as good as gone," Aiden said softly

The clown twisted his neck, only to see Aiden was nowhere to be found. Bruce stopping and returning his attention to Sasha. Who was now crying as the pain was growing.

He watched her with an unreadable expression on his face.

Times up.

Let me know what you think! ...:D3

5. Darkness

Okay so I recently have this time at work where all I do is basically write. And if I'm not you know... working or doing homework. I try and update. So I'll be *attempting* to update every Wednesday or at least every other Wednesday instead of keeping you guys in the dark each time I randomly post a chapter. So I hope that works. Thank you again for the comments not only on here but on my tumblr page associated with this series! I appreciate all of them and they really do get me writing more for you all.

Guest: Thank you so much! I'm glad your liking it! And here I've presented you with another update ;)

Enjoy! And don't forget to leave a review! It really helps to get more people reading everyone! I'd really appreciate it:) Thank you!

The pain was excruciating.

Worse than Sasha had ever felt before.

And the blood.

Oh, was there so much blood...

It was as if she could only remember glimpses of what happened. She couldn't understand what was going on. She hadn't told Roman about a few complications she was having over the past few weeks only because of not wanting to deal with his reaction. But now she almost regretted it. He may have known what to do to prevent this.

Sasha screamed out in pain, opening her eyes and seeing a blurred vision of Roman standing over her. She couldn't tell what he was doing, but she could tell he was paying more attention to the lower part of her body. She could feel the moisture between her legs and gripped the sheets as another shooting pain surged through her body.

Squeezing her eyes shut she held in her breathe and hoped the pain would end if she tensed up and stopped breathing for a few moments. Sasha could hear the soft winces of Bruce who she only now realized was laying right next to her on the bed.

Her gaze shifted over to the other end of the room, behind Bruce. She could spot another figure, not quite seeing clearly who it was. But the dark figure stood there, watching her silently. Suddenly Sasha took a large gasp as her head turned so she was now facing the ceiling.

She could hear the faint words of a male voice calling her name.

"Sasha."

She then felt a cold hand gently graze her red and heated face. Her watered eyes met Roman's, whose expression was surprisingly calm. Although there was something close to worry in his eyes.

"Sasha. You need to stay awake for a little longer can you do that?"

She didn't know what was going on and what he meant by that, but her mind was completely clouded. Panting, she quickly nodded her head, "yeah..." she whispered. Her face twisted in pain as she felt more tears fall from her eyes. Roman watched her, observing her face and clenching his jaw. He was clearly irritated now seeing her like this. With one more rub of her cheek, he left her side.

Sasha was taking long heavy breathes and dropped her head on the pillow, looking at where Roman had just been seconds ago. That was when she spotted another pair of legs standing near the bed. Furrowing her brows, her eyes flickered up and her blood ran cold when she realized who it was.

"Hello half blood."

Smiling down at her with a malicious grin on his face and a cigarette in his hand. She closed her mouth as she was now glaring up at the man. Figuring he was a figment of her stressed imagination.

Aiden chuckled as he took a look at the rest of her body before returning to her eyes, "Tsk. That's gotta hurt."

Another sharp pain and Sasha could feel more blood seeping onto the bed. She squeezed her eyes and cried out once more.

Aiden stared at her, a look of both amusement and wonder on his face. Taking a puff from his cigarette, he leaned over her frail body and stared directly into her eyes, "I told you I'd have a front row seat," and blew the rest of the smoke out into her face.

The aroma and pain were too much, Sasha couldn't take it and soon found herself falling into sudden blackness.

*In darkness dreams come crawling
Into darkness I am falling
Demons come to me, dreaming
In my own dreams I am screaming
My skin is peeled away, slowly
Revealing my secret darkness, unholy
From the darkness, they are calling
Into darkness, I am falling
Within me madness awakens
I am banished to darkness, forsaken
Into darkness I am falling
As the demons come, they are calling
Into darkness I am taken
As my shadow-self awakens
Into darkness I am falling
From the darkness I come crawling
Born again in fire
To live my dark desires
Into darkness I have fallen
I have heeded Hell's dark calling.*

Tim Vallie

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.
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"Sash."

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"Wake up."

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Sasha gasped as she woke up with a cold shiver running through her body. She was still lying on her and Roman's bed. She tried moving until halting when she felt her sore body refuse to move anymore. Wincing out loud while her muscles contracted, she began panting when her eyes fell to see the end of the bed. Just between her legs was an incredible amount of blood. Almost a puddle at this point resting above the light sheets. It was a horrible sight.

She couldn't feel any pain left. Her stomach...felt different. She placed her hand on her belly and adjusted her legs trying desperately to move. Letting out a soft cry.

Suddenly she felt hands grab her thin arms and flinched until realizing it was Roman. His brows were furrowed and his eye were almost strained.

"No. Don't move. Your going to lose more blood." He ordered firmly

Her eyes watered up as she stared at him, "Roman..." her voice was strained and weak. It hurt to speak.

His hands traveled from her arms up to her face, wiping her silver strands from sticking to her drenched face. "Stop talking Sasha. You've already lost enough blood. You can't lose any more. Or you'll fall asleep again and not wake up next time..." There was slight panic in his words.

She felt dizzy, "Where... Where is he?"

Roman watched her, his face turning cold. She didn't like that reaction and began to worry, "Roman," she winced, "Where's the baby is he okay?" Her voice now getting louder.

His lips twitched as he let her go and stood up, still staring at her, "It's fine."

She blinked, "Fine?... Where is he?" She tried to sit up before tensing up and grabbing her stomach. Roman then grabbed her a bit more roughly and forced her back down, "What did I just say? Are you trying to kill yourself?"

A tear fell from her eye, "He needs me."

Roman sneered, "That thing won't be able to live on if you die."

She frowned, "You would just let your son die if I was gone?"

He ignored her question, "You're not going to be gone would you shut up?"

That's when she heard soft whining coming from outside the room. And noticed Bruce was gone. She looked back at him, "I need to see him."

Silence filled the air as Roman stared at her, his eyes shifting to the end of the bed. He didn't understand why a creature would put their life at risk for something like a child. What was so special about a child? The blood basically covered the entire mattress. Once again, the sight of Sasha lying in pain with blood coating her legs was something that disinterested him.

It also angered him to know that since the sight of blood was always inviting. "You need to rest. Can you at least give yourself time to heal?"

Pondering his words, she could practically smell the blood that filled the air. Clenching her jaw, she responded with, "Can I at least clean up? I don't feel like laying in this."

"What's wrong with blood?"

"Roman."

He thought about it before reluctantly sighing and nodding his head. He realized she tried moving herself and rolled his eyes before snaking his arms underneath her body and slowly picking her up. She was again, so light, much lighter than before.

There was no strength left as she rested her head against his shoulder, smelling his neck with her eyes closed. She could feel his head turn and his breath on her forehead, making sure she didn't fall asleep.

"Sasha."

Feebly opening her eyes, they immediately met Roman's piercing blue orbs, "Promise me you won't fall asleep okay?"

She didn't think she heard correctly until he decided to walk toward the bathroom. Those were one of the few times he'd shown her this side of him. Even if it was presented in an awkward childlike manner.

The sunshine poured through the windows and cast over the rooms to give a warm feeling. Nothing like she felt before. Before it was dark and cold....and painful.

Entering the bathroom, there was already water in the tub. He gradually placed her into the warm water and she closed her eyes when it touched her skin. It felt good. And it smelled sweet.

His hand held her upper back up until slowly resting it against the edge of the tub so she could lay her head down. She took a few seconds before opening her eyes to see Roman grab a washcloth and soak it in the now bloodstained water.

She quirked a brow, "Your washing me?"

His eyes refused to meet hers as he continued to clean off the dried blood on certain areas of her skin, "Well since your basically useless right now. I don't feel like leaving and then coming back to see you

on the ground because you slipped or something. Since I know just how much stupid shit you do when I'm here. I can't imagine what you do without me."

Despite her exhaustion she scoffed and rolled her eyes, "You seem to forget I was perfectly fine before meeting you."

It was his turn to scoff, "Right." Dipping the washcloth back into the water he was now going for her legs. Sasha winced when she felt the fabric graze just between them, making Roman quickly pull away, "It still hurts?" he asked with scrunched brows.

She let out a slow breath as she held onto the sides of the bath, "Like you said. It just needs some time to heal."

He watched her before returning to clean the rest of her body as softly as he could. She'd never seen him like this before. Like she was an antique glass doll he was trying badly not to break. She smiled, ignoring the soreness in her body, she sat up and caught him by surprise when she kissed his lips. Their tongues danced until she broke the kiss, leaving a confused look on his face.

She leaned back, her smile still on her lips, "I didn't think you liked peppermint."

He blinked, only now realizing she was talking about the scent of the water. He turned his head and twisted the cloth to release the remaining bloody water back into the tub.

Absentmindedly replying, "I never liked sweet things before."

She watched the blood twirl in the water, smirking she tilted her head, "Until you met me?" she joked

His eyes finally met her, but his face was solemn, "Yes." He answered bluntly

She paused, remembering before when she had asked him why he liked eating people. It was because the more afraid they are the saltier they tasted. But never before did he mention he liked anything sweet.

"Why peppermint?"

Roman brought the cloth up to her breasts, keeping his eyes on his task, "Because that's what your blood smells like."

She stared at him, watching as he finished up and let the water down the drain. Standing up, he turned and grabbed a clean towel, wrapping it around her and once again gently lifting her body from the tub. She held onto him as he easily picked her up, "Well that's good to know since I've always loved peppermint."

He exited the room, holding her and replying quietly in her ear...

"I love it too..."

:D...Leave a review!

6. The Mortal Cradle

Hey there everyone! Long time no see. No, I haven't dropped off the face of the earth and no I haven't given up on this fic. I've just had such a crazy time recently that every time I get the chance to write, I always find myself never quite finishing the next chapter. Anywho. Thank you so much for the love and reviews, follows, favorites etc. I hope I haven't lost all of you, and I hope this is a lovely surprise for you! For all of you who have missed these two, trust me, they're still here:)

Honestly while I was editing this and trying to post the update, I can't lie, it's been so long I almost forgot how to use this site lol...

Guest: I wish I could message you directly and thank you for loving this story! I'm so sorry for how long I've taken and I'm so happy that you've loved my story enough to leave a review! Thank you again and yes! I'm doing alright:) Just life and it's many inconveniences..

Guest: Not sure if you were the same as the one before! But yes, Sasha's lost so much blood it's amazing she can still function. Just know that if she weren't half demon, she would definitely be dead right now. That's for sure.

Sacrecrow: I know you were worried man haha and you know I try not to disappoint! So here I present to you. Chapter 6. After how long! I don't even know but I know it's been a minute. I delivered tho! Just not as fast as I hoped I would! :/

NightKingLover99: Hahahahahaha I have updated my devoted FAN XD Your wish is my command.

The wind was calm and warm, leaving a nice breeze flow through the halls once again. Sasha had to admit that Roman always tried to keep a sound and comforting environment for her despite the many things he was not. He was showing her every day that he was a creature of occasional sound mind. Emphasis on the occasional...

He carried her light body down the hall and toward their bedroom. Sasha's eyes flickered over to the one door that was creaked open. The door to the nursery. Her hand clasped onto Roman's shirt tightly, stopping him to see what was wrong. Her eyes didn't move, they were glued to the door, with a bright light shining through the crack of the opening. He lowered his head and frowned, turning his attention back to her.

Finally breaking her glare and looking back up to his cold eyes, she scrunched her brows as he knew exactly what she wanted.

"I told you, you needed to rest." He stated

She continued to stare at him, "Can I at least see if he's alright? I need to know if he's safe."

"It's fine."

"Please?" She asked, although he knew exactly she wasn't exactly asking a question. He stared at her for a few more moments before sighing and rolling his eyes, "Fine."

She tried to hide her smile and excitement as he guided them toward the door. Pressing it open, the first thing Sasha noticed was the blood, the long trail of blood leading from the entrance of the room straight for the cradle. That's when she noticed Bruce, sitting obediently aside of the crib, watching both her and Roman with his red eyes. Her smile dropped as the bright red blood contrasted dramatically with the soft colors of the nursery. She held a breath and moved her legs, insinuating for Roman to let her go. He held her tighter before her eyes reflected that of both anger and panic. His lips drew a thin line, but he gently placed her down to the ground, making sure she had her footing steady and allowing her to continue walking ahead of him.

Roman watched, his head hanging a bit low, almost in a animalistic sense as he stared at Sasha protectively. Sasha took a few steps before nearly tripping from the pain between her legs and another sharp pain coming from her pelvic area. Roman quickly stepped forward until she lifted her arm, "I'm okay. It's okay."

He paused, but his eyes wouldn't leave her. She managed to get her footing as each bare foot step left a squishing sound from the amount of blood drenched on the carpeting. Bruce stood up and began wagging his tail, making Sasha lift her arm and placing a light hand atop his head. Her eyes still locked on the cradle before her.

It was a terrifying sight to say the least. To see something meant to be filled with child laughter, toys and serenity. Covered in blood, silent and tension. Her breath was hitched in the back of her throat, inching closer to the crib as she finally met the bright green eyes of a young pale baby boy. Casually lying there covered in her blood. He was chewing on his tiny pale hand with soft gums. Meeting the eyes of his mother, he paused, looking at her with both wonder and confusion.

Sasha let out a relieved breath and smiled as she peered down at her son. The boy then gave a large smile and waved his little hands around with a beautiful chuckle left his lips. Sasha then let out a soft laugh herself as she turned her head and looked back to see Roman staring at the baby with anything but joyment. She turned back to the baby and gently picked him up, stepping aside and heading for the rocking chair in the corner of the room. Slowly sitting down and using the tip of her toe to gradually rock them back and forth. Bruce began wagging his little nub of a tail and sticking his tongue out as he obnoxiously pressed his face close to the baby. Sasha rolled her eyes and smirked as she placed her hand on his snout and slid him to the side.

"No Bruce. Give him some space." She ordered

Bruce whined but obeyed his master and sat down, his eyes averted back to the young child in his mother's arms. Sasha watched the baby in awe, amazed that everything she had expected him to be was true. Everything she'd hoped for. He was beautiful, soft yet still visible freckles scattered across his face, bright green eyes and dark brown hair that could almost be mistaken for black. Sasha untucked part of her towel and began wiping his bloodied skin.

Once she had almost completely cleaned him off, he began fussing a bit. Sasha rocked him a bit more and cradled him in her arms, "Sh, sh, sh," she whispered, "Sh, it's ok." But he began squirming around

even more.

"He's hungry."

She looked up at Roman, whose eyes were still glued to the child in her arms. "Oh...Right..." She muttered.

Roman's eyes moved from the baby to her as she lowered the part of the towel to show her bare breast. His brows furrowed as he watched her continue to guide the baby closer to her. The boy fussed a bit until he finally latched on and began sucking. She watched him, glad to see that he was calming down. That was until she felt a sharp pain, only to realize it was in fact, the baby somehow managing to bite down on her skin.

Sasha hissed and flinched a bit, making Roman frown and move for her. Again, she raised her hand, his face confused and irritated. "It's okay, he's hungry."

Roman let out a low growl, "It's not milk he wants."

A stream of blood began to fall from where the baby's mouth was, down her skin as he continued sucking and slowly closing his eyes. It was painful. But not enough to keep her from feeding.

"I can feed him a bit more." She said softly, her hand cradling his soft, gentle head.

The top of his lip twitching as he lifted his hand to grab her thigh, ripping her attention from the baby to him, "You lost enough blood already. He took enough already," he spat.

Sasha stared at his angered eyes.

"Listen to me. Right now. He won't stop. And you don't have much blood left to give for yourself. That's enough," He ordered.

She watched him for another few moments before slowly nodding her head in agreement, "Alright."

Roman raised a brow, almost shocked that she finally listened to something he said. Watching as she glanced down at the baby and

gently pulled him away from her breast, scrunching her face a bit as he reluctantly unlatched himself from his mother. Although, thankfully his eyes remained closed as he lied there in her arms, breathing softly. Leaving her bloodied breast with tiny little sharp teeth marks.

Roman reached over as she held the baby, grabbing the part of the towel and wiping most of the blood off before accidentally wiping some onto his finger and tucking the towel back in to keep it from falling once more. Sasha glanced back over to Roman while he placed his thumb in his mouth, sucking off her blood. She made a face at the sight of blood. No longer finding it appetizing.

Roman smirked, "It was never you who wanted blood. It was always that," he pointed to their child sleeping peacefully in Sasha's arms. Remembering just how delicious and thirsty it made her before. And now, it did nothing. No pulsing want or need, no hunger or thirst. Nothing.

"He's always been hungry. He's the one I've really been feeding. Not you," He explained with disapproval. "Otherwise, he would have killed you."

Sasha blinked, leaving a good minute of silence before responding, "Thank you."

Roman didn't expect those words to leave her mouth. His blue eyes met hers, giving him a soft smile. He allowed himself to curl his lips up into a slight smirk before she opened her mouth again.

"Damian," she said.

He creased his brows, "What?"

She glanced down at the baby, "His name. Damian."

Roman let out a huff and rolled his eyes, standing up and walking out the door. Sasha smirked as she watched Roman pout and escape before she could annoy him any more. Chuckling and glancing over to Bruce who was seated with his tongue out lazily. Moving her attention back to her newborn son.

"Damian. That was your uncle's middle name." The baby stretched slightly as she rocked him and covered him a bit, "Jonathan would have made a perfect uncle."

Please leave a Review! And thanks for reading!:)

7. Lucky Number 7

Hello everyone! I'm back and extremely excited to continue on with this story, especially with the new release of IT Chapter Two. Soooo good. Anyways, I wanted to see what it was they had envisioned so that I can put my own mix into it. But we're still quite not there yet. And I have to finish pulling in Sasha and Roman's parts first. But I wanna thank you guys again for literally being a part of this whole series, it's pretty awesome to see so many of you guys enjoying this story. Because I do put a lot into it and I do have a lot of love in with my own characters as well as Stephen King's. So again thank you! :)

Sacrecrow: Hahaha you already know how much I love Jonathan man, it seemed so fitting that that was Damian's name as well ;) But I'm sure we'll see more of your man...maybe?... ;)

Guest: Thank you again! I really appreciate all your support:) And I'm glad you're still enjoying the story! I hope this update makes your day a little better too:)

Enjoy!

7 Years Later

The sound of small tip taps scattered across the old hardwood flooring of the Neibolt house, along with the sound of hushed panting. Then, from just around the corner of the hallway, appeared a young boy, brightly colored eyes and raven dark hair, scurrying as though he were running away from something. Peeking back over his shoulder every few moments to make it certain no one had spotted him. He clutched onto something tightly in his hands along the way.

The boy then quickly hopped in between a small hiding area sandwiched in the bookcase and armchair. He then glanced around to check if the coast was clear, hearing vague growling in the distance of the house. His eyes shot over to a door that had been cracked open, and with one quick stride, the boy quietly reached the door, gently grabbing the handle as the door made a soft creaking sound.

He looked down the long stairs, seeing some light from outside peek through the fogged windows below. But there was always something about the basement that addled the boy. He took a cautious step back as he swore, he could have heard a guttural sound coming from down below.

It was at that time though, that his ears caught another sound, scratching and growling coming from the room just next to him. Where he stood, he was out in the open, for anyone to see. The boy clutched on tighter to the object in his hand. Taking a long breath and retreating down into the basement, he quickly shut the door behind him. Leaving nothing but silence and the unusual sounds it seemed every old room had. Especially the basement. But the boy was insistent on hiding from whatever creature had been following him throughout the house.

Nearly reaching the bottom of the stairs the boy suddenly stopped, leaving a long rickety sound to echo throughout the room. Although there was visible sunshine peering through, the room didn't seem to be illuminated much by it. In fact, it was quite dark and cold, leaving patches of pitch black covering certain areas of the room. The boy stood there in pause for a moment before glancing around to see an area where the old well had been. He smiled to himself, it was a great hiding spot and was also closest to the window, which meant light. He rushed over toward the stone and glanced down, only to see the usual boarded up wood that covered the opening. Almost as if to keep something from coming in...or out.

The boy disregarded the blockage, and decidedly hid behind the limestone well, inside a little nook that was only visible if you walked into the shadows and crouched down. It was the perfect hiding spot and he smirked triumphantly. Now no one would ever be able to find him. He glanced down at the object in his hand before hearing the door creak open. A soft gasp left his lips as he scooted himself a few inches deeper into the hideaway. He could hear something coming down the stairs, creeping slowly as if dragging the anticipation with each step.

Creeeeeaaaaaaaaaak

Creeeeeaaaaaaaaaak

Creeeeaaaaaaaaaaaaak

Creeeeaaaaaaaaaaaaak

The steps finally reached the bottom, and the boy could hear panting just a few feet away. Sniffing as though scouting the boy's hideout, the creature began inching closer, making the child bite his tongue and shut his eyes. Almost as if stopping his breathing would make a difference.

He was found. It was over. The boy waited for his fate until he heard the creature vanish into the other room opposite of him. Letting out a relieved sigh and slouching a bit from the tenseness he had felt just moments before. They were gone, no noise, no sound, just absolute silence. Although he knew the creature was still down in the basement with him, he had to make a move for it. But he had to be cautious.

Keeping silent for another few seconds, he would retreat back upstairs and out of the creepy basement. Slowly, he crawled out from his spot and crept passed the well that was now behind him. He could see the stairs in view and was about to take the first step before hearing a whisper so quiet, he could have mistaken it for possible wind.

The boy turned his head, glancing around to see where the sound may have come from. From what he could understand, the sound seemed to be coming from the well....

He furrowed his brows in confusion, taking another slow step back up the stairs. That was until the door above slammed shut, making the boy jump in fright and let out a small yelp, eventually tripping back onto the dirt floor of the building and scraping his knee. It was then that the boy could hear the voice more clearly.

"Come closer..."

The boy's breathes became heavier as he now realized this wasn't part of a game. Something was speaking to him and it was coming from underneath the boarded up water well.

"Just a little closer..."

But again, the boy sat still, not wanting anything to do with whatever was happening inside that hole.

"COME HERE!" The voice roared, frightening the child and catching him off guard.

The boards then began to shake violently, creating a loud banging inside the room. The boy quickly shut his eyes and covered his ears. Attempting to block out the profanities and swears the voice was now shouting at him.

Then suddenly, the noise stopped. The boy didn't bother to look up, instead he kept his head buried in his lap. A sudden crash was then heard, along with heavy footsteps that followed, he could tell whoever it was, had a limp, as the sound of his other foot kept dragging along the dirt.

"Abomination," the voice growled

The steps stopped just before the boy as he remained crouched in a scared position, eyes still sealed shut. The body of the intruder knelt down, their breathing could be felt on the boy's head. All was silent....Until he felt a large and strong arm grab at his thin shoulder.

"No!" The boy shouted, glancing up to meet bright ember eyes staring back at his own glowing green orbs. The clown looked displeased, looking over to the side he could now see the large Doberman staring at him from his seated position next to his father.

"Damian. What are you doing down here?" Pennywise asked sternly

The boy looked around, the voice he heard certainly didn't belong to his dad. He glanced over the clown's shoulder, toward the well, expecting to see the entire thing dismantled. But there was nothing, the boards hadn't been tampered with. It was as if nothing had just been there with him a few seconds ago.

Pennywise followed the boy's gaze and glanced back at the well, inspecting it suspiciously. Turning his head back to gain the attention of his biological son, his eyes then fell down to the scratch that was

now on the boy's knee, seeing a small stream of blood trickle down Damian's leg. Pennywise' lip twitched a bit as his eye did a very unusual thing whenever he was deep in thought. Or so Damian thought that's what it was.

"D...Dad...I don't like it when you make that face...," Damian frowned

Pennywise snapped out of it as he blinked and shut his mouth, now reaching for the boy with his large hands and propping him back up on his feet. Damian always felt a slight uncomfortable feeling around his father, he would change the way he looked often, even his eyes. Sometimes he would look normal, and other times he would change into a clown. He could never understand why, but his mother would always insist that he shouldn't ever be afraid. That his father would never hurt him in any way and that he protected them. So, with that, Damian left the subject alone.

The clown stared at the child; it was as if he was a giant compared to his son. His father was so enormously tall that his neck often times would stiffen if he stared up at him for too long. Not that he wanted to look up at him anyway. Damian had his hands behind his back while he innocently swayed from side to side, staring at the bright red bells on his father's shoes.

"Damian." He heard him speak, "Look at me."

The boy bit his lip while his eyes glanced up at the clown. Pennywise now reaching his hand out in front of Damian's face. Damian simply stared at his father, wide eyes as if he didn't understand what it was, he wanted. Despite the painted smile plastered on Pennywise' face, the clown frowned and raised a naked brow. Eventually Damian knew better than to upset his father further, he did have quite a temper every now and then. So, with a defeated sigh, he reached up and handed Pennywise a medium sized iron key.

Damian bit his lip once more, "I just wanted to see if there were other girls and boys I could play with."

Pennywise sneered, "There are no other girls and boys to play with. That's why you have Bruce. Stay out of the basement do you

understand?"

The boy looked down and reluctantly nodded.

"Your mother's looking for you."

Damian looked up at the stairway, although there weren't too many steps, his knee still stung. Pennywise watched as the boy attempted to take a step before limping back. Rolling his eyes, he sighed and grabbed his son's torso, picking him up and holding him in his arms. These were a few of the times his father had ever gotten close to him, otherwise most of the time, he stayed away from him altogether.

Damian held onto his father's ruffled shoulder while staring back at the well, which was now completely silent. Even then, it was as if only Damian could hear the faint hissing sound coming from beneath the boards.

Leave a review please and thank you! :D